

City's Biggest Float Makes Debut



ANN

LANDERS

Hate Hurts You

Dear Ann Landers: I am a 16-year-old girl who is normal in every way. There is only one thing in my life that bothers me. I hate my father.

I hate everything about him. I hate the way he feels sorry for himself after a drunk—which is often. I hate his little illnesses—never anything serious, just enough to keep him from going to work. I hate the way he yells at my mother and belittles her in front of people.

I am sick to death of hearing him say, "I'm the one who pays the bills around here. You'll do as I say." Why don't fathers realize that their children didn't ask to be born. When parents bring children into the world, they are responsible for them.

I have never kissed my father or told him I love him. I cannot recall that he has ever kissed me or said anything warm or kind to me. My disgust for him is so intense that it mars every happy occasion. I keep thinking that when I marry I don't want him present because I don't want to share the happiness of the occasion with him. I also keep thinking that when he dies I will shed some tears. But they will not be the tears of a child who will miss her father. They will be tears for a man who never knew the sweetness of a growing girl.

Who needs help, my father or me? —CAN'T CALL HIM DADDY.

Dear Friend: You both need help, but I will confine my remarks to you.

Hate does a great deal more damage to the vessel in which it is stored than the object on which it is poured. Your bitter feelings are hurting you far more than they are hurting your father. They keep you stirred up and angry. And they make you feel guilty.

I assure you that your father's hatred for himself is greater than your hatred for him. Try to understand how wretched and miserable he is and be compassionate, my dear. If not for his sake for yours.

Dear Ann Landers: My husband is an executive in a large company and I wish we had half the money people think we have. But that's another matter. What I am writing about is a problem that has been driving me nuts. There MUST be a solution and I am depending on you to come up with it.

At least once a week Milton gets called into a special meeting about 5:15. The meetings are held in the "hospitality room." This is the room with the liquor cabinet. They send out for dinner and sit around for at least three hours. This means my dinner gets fed to the dog.

I've told Milton a dozen times if he would only call and tell me he won't be home for dinner. I would not sit around and wait for him and burn up good food. When he walks in at 9:30 instead of 6:00, of course, I am mad, who wouldn't be? Then he accuses me of being a nagger and not understanding his job. What's the solution, Ann Landers? —THE NOODNIK (HIS NAME FOR ME).

Dear Nood: Some husbands don't call to say they are going to be late because they get such a blasting on the phone they figure they'd better wait until they get home and catch it all at once.

Tell Milton that if he calls from now on you promise to be sweet. And when he DOES call, pour on the honey and molasses, Babe. Thank him profusely and be extra charming when he gets home. Once he learns that you're not going to bite his head off, he'll change his ways.

Unsure of yourself on dates? What's right? What's wrong? Should you? Shouldn't you? Send for Ann Landers' booklet "Dating Do's and Don'ts," enclosing with your request 35 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of the Press-Herald enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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The Christening

Bob Vroman (left), president of the Torrance Tournament of Roses Association, pours champagne over the completed float following three days and nights of work in a float building barn. Work on the float was completed just before midnight Sunday and many of the volunteer workers then took time out for a little New Year's Eve party.



Admiring Handiwork

Florence Robertson, decorations chairman, and Bob Vroman, president of the Torrance Tournament of Roses Association, take a final look at the city's float, "Romance of Early California." Mrs. Robertson, who has worked on six Torrance floats, supervised the building and decorating of the float. At right, ready to take their places, are Carson E. Scheller, a descendant of Juan Jose Dominguez, and Miss Susan Foster, 1968 Miss Torrance.



Hard at Work

Dawne Wilhelm (left), a Torrance housewife, and Dallas Royke, a North High student, team up to put ferns into place on the base of float, which was titled "Romance of Early California." Students from several of the city's high schools participated in the decorating.



Cleaning Time

Chuck Hyatt (left), who drove the volunteers to Pasadena, attempts to clean the glue off his shoes after completing work on a section of the Torrance float. Still at work gluing down flowers is Hal Smith.



A Break

Bob Hosler (left) and Marvin Steffert take a short break before going back to work placing flowers, ferns, and leaves on the city's 1968 Rose Parade float.



Your Second Front Page

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On the Boulevard

The city's float, completed at last, moves down Colorado Boulevard as the 79th annual Tournament of Roses Parade gets under way. The float placed second behind Glendale in judging. Aboard the float,

viewed by millions through the medium of television, were Miss Susan Foster, the reigning Miss Torrance, and Carson E. Scheller, a descendant of Juan Jose Dominguez.